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PRINTED FOR THE MALONE SOCIETY BY
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THE OLD WIVES TALE

1595

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THE MALONE SOCIETY
REPRINTS
1908

This reprint of the *Old Wives Tale* has been prepared by the General Editor and checked by Frank Sidgwick.

Feb. 1909. W. W. Greg.

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The following entry is found in the Registers of the Stationers' Company:

xvj^to^ die Aprilis [1595] ./. . .

Entred for his Copie vnder thandes of bothe the wardens a booke or interlude intituled a pleasant Conceipte called the owlde wifes tale . . . . . vj^d^./. Ralph Hancock

[Arber's Transcript, II. 296.]

Within the year appeared an edition in quarto, the only one known to have been issued. It was printed by John Danter, and the name of John Hardy was associated with Hancock's as publisher. The address without Cripplegate given in the colophon, being neither Danter's nor Hardy's, presumably belonged to Hancock, who appears in the Registers as publishing from 1593 to 1595, though no other book connected with him seems to have survived. The title-page reports that the comedy was 'played by the Queenes Maiesties players', a company whose fortunes began to decline soon after 1590 and whose career had probably come to an end, at least so far as London was concerned, before the play was published. There is added the further information that the piece was 'Written by G. P.' None of the early bibliographers of the drama had seen the play. In 1750 Chetwood invented the entry, 'An olde Wyfe her Tale, 1598,' which is sufficient evidence

that neither had he. In 1782 the *Biographica Dramatica*, quoting his entry, added that of the Stationers' Register. Not till the edition of 1812 was any account of the play from actual inspection included. Meanwhile a fairly correct description had been given, and the identification of the initials as those of George Peele made, by Herbert in his *Typographical Antiquities* of 1785–90. The source of his information is doubtful, but the identification has never been challenged.

The date of composition is pretty certainly about 1590, a date suggested by the burlesque hexameters of Huanebango. One of these (ll. 813–4) is taken verbatim from Gabriel Harvey's *Encomium Lauri* (in the *Three Letters* of 1580). Another (ll. 801–2) is practically made up of tags from Stanyhurst (*Aeneis*, &c., 1582), similar to those ridiculed by Nashe in his preface to Greene's *Menaphon* (1589). Points of resemblance have also been noticed between the *Old Wives Tale* and *Orlando Furioso*. Thus ll. 1072–5 are largely identical with *Orlando*, 73–6; while the expression 'Three blue beanes in a blue bladder, rattle bladder rattle' (ll. 819–20), which however was no doubt proverbial, recurs in the Dulwich manuscript of *Orlando* (ll. 136–7, fol. 263). Thus a connection is established between the two plays, but the

question of priority left open. This is settled by the name Sacrapant in the *Tale*, corresponding to Sacrepant in *Orlando*. Greene, of course, took the name from Ariosto (Sacripante), and Peele must therefore have borrowed from Greene.

Of the original quarto copies are extant in the British Museum (162.d.53), and the Dyce collection. The second is imperfect, having the leaves F 2–3 in facsimile, but it preserves the initial leaf with the signature 'A' wanting in the Museum copy. F4 is absent in both. Both copies have been collated for the present reprint. That in the Dyce collection presents variants owing to its having an uncorrected inner forme to sheet E: they are recorded in the list of readings below. The quarto is printed in the ordinary roman fount of a body closely approximating to modern English (20 ll. = 94 mm.).

No attempt has been made to divide the play into scenes, since no satisfactory arrangement appears possible. The quarto almost certainly represents a mutilated text and the indications of staging are confused, while the fact that certain characters remain on the stage throughout renders the ordinary principle of division inapplicable.

3 *Franticke*, (*Frolicke*,)
17 (*not indented*)
68 *barke*. .
71 thethreſhold,
122 of of
193 ſnow:
200 comes
240 aſwell
285 trees; (trees,)
373 thougts,
382 *Huan:* (*Huan:* but ? *Booby:*)
385 *Huanabango*
394–5 ſuper-|fantiall
449 *Sacr:* (speech should run on)
451 for meate for
479 or (nor)
for (from ?)
492 is
495 a ſide
511 arts hath
541 thy (my)
544 Corobus, (Corebus,)
552 *Simon:* (*i.e.* Church-warden = Steven Loach, l. 597)
560 *Corobus:* (*Corebus:*)
563 buriall. (*period doubtful*)
564 aſſure (as ſure)
624 comes
627 of (*i.e.* on)
663 Who hawe
706 gold
774 *laies*
787 birde (beard—cf. ll. 971, 978.)
809 Foe, (Foh, ?)
822 rim (rude *Dyce copy*)
844 knaue,-
845–6 ka wil-|ſhaw.
866 Who's (Whoſe *Dyce copy*)
898–9 impor-|nate
914 *Exeunt*
917 *came*
941 daunced
950 halfes
971, 978 gouldē beard (goulden bird *Dyce copy*)
989 iuſt . . . coiners . . . coine (toſt . . . quoiners . . . quine *Dyce copy*)
995 come,
1006 (*not indented*)
1018 pearſt,
1075 Cuts
1092–3 h[e ſe-]|med (*a partial impression of the* e- *is all that appears of the bracketed letters in the original*)
1157 windowes ſhuts

N.B.—The error in l. 71 arose in the course of printing off. A space somehow dropped out and the type closed up. In the Dyce copy the last word still stands almost at the end of the line, but the type gradually crept back, and in the B. M. copy there is about an en-space blank at the end. Other copies may perhaps show the space in its right place.

List of Characters

in order of entrance

Antic, Frolic, Fantastic } three pages.
Clunch, the smith.
Madge, his old wife.
Calypha, Thelea } first and second brother in search of their sister Delia.
Erestus, the old man at the cross.
Venelia, his betrothed.
Lampriscus, a countryman.
Huanebango, a braggart.
Corebus, or Booby, the clown.
Sacrapant, a Thessalian magitian.
Delia, daughter of Thenores, King of Thessaly.
a Friar.
Eumenides, the wandering knight, in search of Delia.
Wiggen, fellow of Corebus.
Steven Loach, a Churchwarden.
a Sexton.
Zantippa, the curst, Celanta, or Zelanto, the foul } daughters of Lampriscus.
a Voice from the Well of Life.
the ghost of Jack.
the Hostess.

Harvest-men and women singing (ll. 306, 640), two Furies (ll. 504, 678?, 773), Fiddlers (l. 917).

Calypha is first named at l. 484, Thelea at l. 1101; their father's name appears in l. 508. The old man's name is first given as Erestus in l. 1100. Venelia enters at ll. 233, 1052, 1098, but has no part assigned her. Corebus is called Booby throughout his first entry, l. 312 and following. The Churchwarden is named at l. 597, but cf. l. 552. The foul daughter is named Celanta in l. 753 and Zelanto in l. 960. The name does not elsewhere occur in full, but the C-form is found consistently as a prefix in her first entry, and the Z-form in her second. The first speech of the Voice from the Well is assigned to 'Head' (l. 786), but on the second occasion two heads appear though there is only one speech (l. 970). The 'Voice' of l. 672 comes from the cell and is probably Sacrapant's.

f-1

Case 15.

THE Old Wiues Tale.

A pleaſant conceited Comedie, played by the Queenes Maieſties players.

CR. MI. BR. MUS.

Written by *G. Peel*

Printed at London by *Iohn Danter*, and are to be ſold by *Raph Hancocke*, and *Iohn Hardie*. 1595.

The old VViues Tale.

Enter Anticke, Frolicke and Fantaſticke.

Anticke.

HOw nowe fellowe *Franticke*, what all a mort? Doth this ſadnes become thy madnes? What though wee haue loſt our way in the woodes, yet neuer hang the head, as though thou hadſt no hope to liue till to morrow: for *Fantaſticke* and I will warrant thy life to night for twenty in the hundred.

Frolicke: Anticke and *Fantaſticke*, as I am frollicke franion, neuer in all my life was I ſo dead ſlaine. What? to looſe our way in the woode, without either fire or candle ſo vncomfortable? *O cælum! O terra! O maria! O Neptune!*

Fant: What Gammer, a ſleepe?

Old wom: By the Mas ſonne tis almoſt day, and my windowes ſhuts at the Cocks crow.

Frol: Doo you heare Gammer, mee thinkes this Iacke bore a great ſway amongſt them.

Old wom: O man, this was the ghoſt of the poore man, that they kept ſuch a coyle to burie, & that makes him to help the wandring knight ſo much: But come let vs in, we will haue a cup of ale and a toſt this morning and ſo depart.

Fant: Then you haue made an end of your tale Gammer?

Old wom: Yes faith: When this was done I tooke a peece of bread and cheeſe, and came my way, and ſo ſhall you haue too before you goe, to your breakefaſt.

FINIS.

Printed at London by *Iohn Danter*, for *Raph Hancocke*, and *Iohn Hardie*, and are to be ſolde at the ſhop ouer againſt Saint Giles his Church without Criplegate.

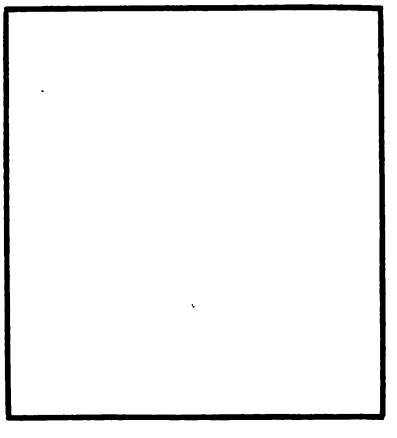
1595.

A

THE
Old Wiues Tale.

A pleaſant conceited Comedie, played by the Queenes Maieſties players.

Written by *G. P.*



Printed at London by *Iohn Danter*, and are to be ſold by *Raph Hancocke*, and *Iohn Hardie*. 1595.

The old VViues Tale.

Enter Anticke, Frolicke and Fantasticke.

Anticke.

HOw nowe fellowe *Franticke*, what all a mort? Doth this sadnes become thy madnes? What though wee haue lost our way in the woodes, yet neuer hang the head, as though thou hadst no hope to liue till to morrow: for *Fantasticke* and I will warrant thy life to night for twenty in the hundred.

Frolicke: Anticke and *Fantasticke*, as I am frollicke franion, neuer in all my life was I so dead slaine. What? to loose our way in the woode, without either fire or candle so vncomfortable? *O cælum! O terra! O maria! O Neptune!*

Fantas. Why makes thou it ſo ſtrange, ſeeing Cupid hath led our yong maſter to the faire Lady and ſhe is the only Saint that he hath ſworne to ſerue.

Frollicke. What reſteth then but wee commit him to his wench, and each of vs take his ſtand vp in a Tree, and ſing out our ill fortune to the tune of O man in deſperation.

Ant. Deſperately ſpoken fellow Frollicke in the darke: but ſeeing it falles out thus, let vs rehearſe the old prouerb.

Three merrie men, and three merrie men,
And three merrie men be wee.
I in the wood, and thou on the ground,
And Iacke ſleepes in the tree.

Fan. Huſh a dogge in the wood, or a wooden dogge, O comfortable hearing! I had euen as liue the Chamberlaine of the white Horſe had called me vp to bed.

Frol. Eyther hath this trotting Cur gone out of his cyrcuit, or els are we nere ſome village,

Enter a Smith with a Lanthorne & Candle.

which ſhould not be farre off, for I perceiue the glymring of a Gloworme, a Candle, or a Cats eye, my life for a halfe pennie. In the name of my own father, be thou Oxe or Aſſe that appeareſt, tell vs what thou art.

Smith. What am I? Why I am Clunch the Smith, what are you, what make you in my territories

ritories at this time of the night?

Ant. What doe we make doſt thou aske? why we make faces for feare: ſuch as if thy mortall eyes could behold, would make thee water the long ſeames of thy ſide ſlops, Smith.

Frol. And in faith Sir vnleſſe your hoſpitalitie doe releeue vs, wee are like to wander with a ſorrowfull hey ho, among the owlets, & Hobgoblins of the Forreſt: good *Vulcan*, for Cupids ſake that hath couſned vs all: befriend vs as thou maieſt, and commaund vs howſoeuer, whereſoeuer, whenſoeuer, in whatſoeuer, for euer and euer.

Smith. Well Maſters it ſeemes to mee you haue loſt your waie in the wood: in conſideration whereof, if you will goe with Clunch to his Cottage, you ſhall haue houſe roome, and a good fire to ſit by, althogh we haue no bedding to put you in.

All. O bleſſed Smith, O bountifull Clunch.

Smith. For your further intertainment, it ſhall be as it may be, ſo and ſo.

Heare a Dogge barke..

Hearke this is Ball my Dogge that bids you all welcome in his own language, come take heed for ſtumbling on thethreſhold, open dore Madge take in gueſts. *Enter old woman.*

Ol. Welcome Clunch & good fellowes al that come with my good mã for my good mans ſake

come

come on ſit downe here is a peece of cheeſe & a pudding of my owne making.

Anticke: Thanks Gammer a good example for the wiues of our towne.

Frolicke: Gammer thou and thy good man ſit louingly together, we come to chat and not to eate.

Smith: Well Maſters if you will eate nothing take away: Come, what doo we to paſſe away the time? Lay a crab in the fire to roſt for Lambes-wooll; what ſhall wee haue a game at Trumpe or Ruffe to driue away the time, how ſay you?

Fantasticke: This Smith leades a life as merrie as a King with *Madge* his wife; Syrrha *Frolicke*, I am ſure thou art not without ſome round or other, no doubt but Clunch can beare his part.

Frolicke: Els thinke you mee ill brought vp, ſo ſet to it when you will. *they ſing.*

Song.

WHen as the Rie reach to the chin,
And chopcherrie chopcherrie ripe within,
Strawberries ſwimming in the creame,
And ſchoole boyes playing in the ſtreame:
Then O, then O, then O my true loue ſaid,
Till that time come againe,
Shee could not liue a maid.

Anticke

Ant: This ſport dooes well: but me thinkes Gammer, a merry winters tale would driue away the time trimly, come I am ſure you are not without a ſcore.

Fantast: I faith Gammer a tale of an howre long were as good as an howres ſleepe.

Frol: Looke you Gammer, of the Gyant and the Kings Daughter, and I know not what, I haue ſeene the day when I was a litle one, you might haue drawne mee a mile after you with ſuch a diſcourſe.

Old woman: Well, ſince you be ſo importunate, my good man ſhall fill the pot and get him to bed, they that ply their worke muſt keepe good howres, one of you goe lye with him, he is a cleane skind man I tell you, without either ſpauin or windgall, ſo I am content to driue away the time with an old wiues winters tale.

Fantast: No better hay in Deuonſhire, a my word Gammer, Ile be one of of your audience.

Frolicke: And I another thats flat.

Anticke: Then muſt I to bed with the good man, *Bona nox* Gammer, God night *Frolicke.*

Smith: Come on my Lad, thou ſhalt take thy vnnaturall reſt with me.

Exeunt Anticke *and the* Smith.

Frollicke: Yet this vantage ſhall we haue of them in the morning, to bee ready at the ſight thereof, extempore.

Old wom: Nowe this bargaine my Maſters muſt I make with you, that you will ſay hum & ha to my tale, ſo ſhall I know you are awake.

Both: Content Gammer that will we doo.

Old wom: Once vppon a time there was a King or a Lord, or a Duke that had a faire daughter, the faireſt that euer was; as white as ſnowe, and as redd as bloud: and once vppon a time his daughter was ſtollen away, and hee ſent all his men to ſeeke out his daughter, and hee ſent ſo long, that he ſent all his men out of his Land.

Frol: Who dreſt his dinner then?

Old woman: Nay either heare my tale, or kiſſe my taile.

Fan: Well ſed, on with your tale Gammer.

Old woman: O Lord I quite forgot, there was a Coniurer, and this Coniurer could doo any thing, and hee turned himſelfe into a great Dragon, and carried the Kinges Daughter away in his mouth to a Caſtle that hee made of ſtone, and there he kept hir I know not how long, till at laſt all the Kinges men went out ſo long, that hir two Brothers went to ſeeke hir. O I forget: he (he I would ſay) turned a proper yong man to a Beare in the night, and a man in the day, and keeps by a croſſe that parts three ſeuerall waies, & he made his Lady run mad: gods me bones who comes here? *Enter the two Brothers.*

Frol: Soft Gammer, here ſome come to tell your

your tale for you.

Fant: Let them alone, let vs heare what they will ſay.

1. Brother: Vpon theſe chalkie Cliffs of *Albion*
We are ariued now with tedious toile,
And compaſſing the wide world round about
To ſeeke our ſiſter, to ſeeke faire *Delya* forth,
Yet cannot we ſo much as heare of hir.

2. Brother: O fortune cruell, cruell & vnkind,
Vnkind in that we cannot find our ſiſter;
Our ſiſter haples in hir cruell chance:
Soft who haue we here.

Enter Senex at the Croſſe ſtooping to gather.

1. Brother: Now father God be your speed,
What doo you gather there?

Old man: Hips and Hawes, and ſtickes and ſtrawes, and thinges that I gather on the ground my ſonne.

1. Brother: Hips and Hawes, and ſtickes and ſtrawes, why is that all your foode father?

Old man: Yea ſonne.

2. Brother: Father, here is an Almes pennie for mee, and if I ſpeede in that I goe for, I will giue thee as good a Gowne of gray as euer thou diddeſt weare.

1. Brother: And Father here is another almes pennie for me, and if I ſpeede in my iourney, I will giue thee a Palmers ſtaffe of yuorie, and a ſcallop ſhell of beaten gold.

Old man: Was ſhee fayre?

2. Brother: I the faireſt for white, and the pureſt for redd, as the blood of the Deare, or the driuen ſnow:

Old m: Then harke well and marke well, my (old ſpell:
Be not afraid of euery ſtranger,
Start not aſide at euery danger:
Things that ſeeme are not the ſame,
Blow a blaſt at euery flame:
For when one flame of fire goes out,
Then comes your wiſhes well about:
If any aske who told you this good,
Say the white Beare of Englands wood.

1. Brother: Brother heard you not what the old man ſaid:
Be not afraid of euery ſtranger,
Start not aſide for euery danger:
Things that ſeeme are not the ſame,
Blow a blaſt at euery flame:
If any aske who told you this good,
Say the white Beare of Englands wood.

2. Brother: Well if this doo vs any good,
Wel fare the white Bear of Englands wood. *ex.*

Old ma: Now ſit thee here & tel a heauy tale.
Sad in thy moode, and ſober in thy cheere,
Here ſit thee now and to thy ſelfe relate,
The hard miſhap of thy moſt wretched ſtate.
In *Theſſalie* I liu'd in ſweete content,
Vntill that Fortune wrought my ouerthrow;

For

For there I wedded was vnto a dame,
That liu'd in honor, vertue, loue, and fame:
But *Sacrapant* that curſed ſorcerer,
Being beſotted with my beauteous loue:
My deereſt loue, my true betrothed wife,
Did ſeeke the meanes to rid me of my life.
But worſe than this, he with his chanting ſpels,
Did turne me ſtraight vnto an vgly Beare;
And when the ſunne doth ſettle in the weſt,
Then I begin to don my vgly hide:
And all the day I ſit, as now you ſee,
And ſpeake in riddles all inſpirde with rage,
Seeming an olde and miſerable man:
And yet I am in Aprill of my age.
Enter Venelia *his Lady mad; and goes in againe.*
See where *Venelya* my betrothed loue,
Runs madding all inrag'd about the woods;
All by his curſſed and inchanting ſpels.

Enter Lampriſcus *with a pot of Honny.*

But here comes *Lampriſcus* my diſcontented neighbour. How now neighbour, you looke towarde the ground aſwell as I, you muſe on ſomething.

Lamp: Neighbour on nothing, but on the matter I ſo often mooued to you: if you do any thing for charity, helpe me; if for neighborhood or brotherhood, helpe me: neuer was one ſo combered as is poore *Lampryſcus*: and to begin, I pray receiue this potte of Honny to mend

your fare.

Old man: Thankes neighbor, ſet it downe, Honny is alwaies welcome to the Beare. And now neighbour let me heere the cauſe of your comming.

Lampriſcus: I am (as you knowe neighbour) a man vnmaried, and liued ſo vnquietly with my two wiues, that I keepe euery yeare holy the day wherein I buried thē both; the firſt was on ſaint *Andrewes* day; the other on ſaint *Lukes.*

Old man: And now neighbour, you of this country ſay, your cuſtome is out: but on with your tale neighbour.

Lamp: By my firſt wife, whoſe tongue wearied me aliue, and ſounded in my eares like the clapper of a great Bell, whoſe talke was a continuall torment to all that dwelt by her, or liued nigh her, you haue heard me ſay I had a handſome daughter.

Old man: True neighbour.

Lampr: Shee it is that afflictes me with her continuall clamoures, and hangs on me like a Burre: poore ſhee is, and proude ſhee is, as poore as a ſheepe new ſhorne, and as proude of her hopes, as a Peacock of her taile well growne.

Old man: Well ſaid *Lampryſcus*, you ſpeake it like an Engliſhman.

Lampr:

Lampr: As curſt as a waſpe, and as frowarde as a childe new taken from the mothers teate, ſhee is to my age, as ſmoake to the eyes, or as vinegar to the teeth.

Old man: Holily praiſed neighbour, as much for the next.

Lampr: By my other wife I had a daughter, ſo hard fauoured, ſo foule and ill faced, that I thinke a groue full of golden trees; and the leaues of Rubies and Dyamonds, would not bee a dowrie aunſwerable to her deformitie.

Old man: Well neighbour, nowe you haue ſpoke, heere me ſpeake; ſend them to the Well for the water of life: there ſhall they finde their fortunes vnlooked for; Neighbour farewell.

Exit.

Lampr: Farewell and a thouſand, and now goeth poore *Lampryſcus* to put in execution this excellent counſell. *Exeunt.*

Frol: Why this goes rounde without a fidling ſtick; but doo you heare Gammer, was this the man that was a Beare in the night, and a man in the day?

Old woman: I this is hee; and this man that came to him was a beggar, and dwelt vppon a greene. But ſoft, who comes here? O theſe are the harueſt men; ten to one they ſing a ſong of mowing.

Enter

Enter the haruest men a ſinging, with this Song double repeated.

All yee that louely louers be, pray you for me,
Loe here we come a ſowing, a ſowing,
And ſowe ſweete fruites of loue:
In your ſweete hearts well may it prooue. Exeunt.

Enter Huanebango *with his two hand ſword, and* Booby *the Clowne.*

Fant: Gammer, what is he?

Old woman: O this is one that is going to the coniurer, let him alone, here what he ſayes.

Huan: Now by *Mars* and *Mercury*, *Iupiter* and *Ianus*, *Sol* and *Saturnus*, *Venus* and *Veſta*, *Pallas* and *Proſerpina*, and by the honor of my houſe *Polimackeroeplacydus*, it is a wonder to ſee what this loue will make ſilly fellowes aduenture, euen in the wane of their wits, and infanſie of their diſcretion. Alas my friend what fortune calles thee foorth to ſeeke thy fortune among braſen gates, inchanted towers, fire and Brimſtone, thunder and lightning. Beautie I tell thee is peereleſſe, and ſhe precious whom thou affecteſt: do off theſe deſires good countriman, good friend runne away from thy ſelfe, and ſo ſoone as thou canſt, forget her; whom none muſt inherit but he that can monſters tame, laboures atchiue, riddles abſolue, looſe inchantments, murther magicke, and kill coniuring: and that is the great and mighty *Huanebango.*

Booby:

Booby: Harke you ſir, harke you; Firſt know I haue here the flurting feather, and haue giuen the Pariſh the ſtart for the long ſtocke: Nowe ſir if it bee no more but running through a little lightning and thunder, and riddle me riddle me whats this, Ile haue the wench from the Coniurer if he were ten Coniurers.

Huan: I haue abandoned the Court and honourable company, to doo my deuoyre againſt this ſore Sorcerer and mighty Magitian: if this Ladie be ſo faire as ſhe is ſaid to bee, ſhe is mine, ſhe is mine. *Meus, mea, meum, in contemptum omnium Grammaticorum.*

Booby: O falſum Latinum! the faire maide is *minum, cum apurtinantibus gibletes* and all.

Huan: If ſhee bee mine, as I aſſure my ſelfe the heauens will doo ſomewhat to reward my worthines; ſhee ſhall bee allied to none of the meaneſt gods; but bee inueſted in the moſt famous ſtocke of *Huanebango Polimackeroeplacidus*, my Grandfather: my father *Pergopolyneo*: my mother, *Dyonora de Sardynya*: famouſlie deſcended.

Booby: Doo you heare ſir; had not you a Coſen, that was called *Gustecerydis*?

Huan: Indeede I had a Coſen, that ſomtime followed the Court infortunately, and his name *Bustegustecerydis.*

Booby: O Lord I know him well: hee is the

knight of the neates feete.

Huan: O he lou'd no Capon better, he hath oftentimes deceiued his boy of his dinner, that was his fault good *Bustegustecerydis.*

Booby: Come ſhall we goe along? Soft, here is an olde man at the Croſſe, let vs aske him the way thither. Ho, you Gaffer, I pray you tell where the wiſe man the Coniurer dwells?

Huan: Where that earthly Goddeſſe keepeth hir abode; the commander of my thougts, and faire Miſtres of my heart.

Old man: Faire inough, and farre inough from thy fingering ſonne.

Huan: I will followe my Fortune after mine owne fancie, and doo according to mine owne diſcretion.

Old man: Yet giue ſome thing to an old man before you goe.

Huau: Father mee thinkes a peece of this Cake might ſerue your turne.

Old man: Yea ſonne.

Huan: Huanabango giueth no Cakes for Almes, aske of them that giue giftes for poore Beggars. Faire Lady, if thou wert once ſhrined in this boſome, I would buckler thee haratantara. *Exit.*

Booby: Father doo you ſee this man, you litle thinke heele run a mile or two for ſuch a Cake, or

or paſſe for a pudding, I tell you father hee has kept ſuch a begging of mee for a peece of this Cake, whoo he comes vppon me with a ſuper-fantiall ſubſtance, and the foyſon of the earth, that I know not what he meanes: If hee came to me thus, and ſaid, my friend *Booby* or ſo, why I could ſpare him a peece with all my heart; but when he tells me how God hath enriched mee aboue other fellowes with a Cake: why hee makes me blinde and deafe at once: Yet father heere is a peece of Cake for you as harde as the world goes.

Old man: Thanks ſonne, but liſt to mee,
He ſhall be deafe when thou ſhalt not ſee;
Farewell my ſonne things may ſo hit,
Thou maiſt haue wealth to mend thy wit.

Booby: Farewell father, farewell; for I muſt make haſt after my two hand ſword that is gone before. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Sacrapant *in his ſtudie.*

Sacrapant: The day is cleare, the Welkin bright and gray,
The Larke is merrie, and records hir notes;
Each thing reioyſeth vnderneath the Skie,
But onely I whom heauen hath in hate:
Wretched and miſerable *Sacrapant*,
In *Theſſalie* was I borne and brought vp,

My mother *Meroe* hight a famous Witch,
And by hir cunning I of hir did learne,
To change and alter ſhapes of mortall men.
There did I turne my ſelfe into a Dragon,
And ſtole away the Daughter to the King;
Faire *Delya*, the Miſtres of my heart:
And brought hir hither to reuiue the man,
That ſeemeth yong and pleaſant to behold,
And yet is aged, crooked, weake and numbe.
Thus by inchaunting ſpells I doo deceiue,
Thoſe that behold and looke vpon my face;
But well may I bid youthfull yeares adue:
Enter Delya *with a pot in hir hand.* (grow,
See where ſhe coms from whence my ſorrows
How now faire *Delya* where haue you bin?

Delya: At the foote of the Rocke for running water, and gathering rootes for your dinner ſir.

Sacr: Ah *Delya*, fairer art thou than the running water, yet harder farre than ſteele or Adamant.

Delya: Will it pleaſe you to ſit downe ſir.

Sacr: I *Delya*, ſit & aske me what thou wilt, thou ſhalt haue it brought into thy lappe.

Delya: Then I pray you ſir let mee haue the beſt meate from the king of *Englands* table, and the beſt wine in all *France*, brought in by the verieſt knaue in all *Spaine*.

Sacr: Delya I am glad to ſee you ſo pleaſant,

well

well ſit thee downe.

Sacr: Spred table ſpred; meat, drinke & bred
Euer may I haue, what I euer craue:
When I am ſpred, for meate for my black cock,
And meate for my red.

Enter a Frier with a chine of Beefe and a pot of wine.

Sacr: Heere *Delya*, will yee fall to.

Del: Is this the beſt meate in England?

Sacr: Yea.

Del: What is it?

Sacr: A chine of Engliſh beefe, meate for a (king
And a kings followers.

Del: Is this the beſt wine in *France*?

Sacr: Yea.

Del: What Wine is it?

Sacr: A cup of neate wine of *Orleance*,
That neuer came neer the brewers in England.

Del: Is this the verieſt knaue in all *Spaine*?

Sacr: Yea.

Del: What is he a Fryer?

Sacr: Yea a Friar indefinit, & a knaue infinit.

Del: Then I pray ye ſir Frier tell me before you goe, which is the moſt greedieſt Engliſhman?

Fryer: The miſerable and moſt couetous Vſurer.

Sacr: Holde thee there Frier, *Exit Friar.*
But ſoft who haue we heere, *Delia* away begon.

Enter the two Brothers.

Delya away, for beſet are we,
But heauen or hell ſhall reſcue her for me.
1. Br. Brother, was not that *Delya* did appeare?
Or was it but her ſhadow that was here?
2. Bro: Siſter, where art thou? *Delya* come again
He calles, that of thy abſence doth complaine.
Call out *Calypha* that ſhe may heare,
And crie aloud, for *Delya* is neere.
Eccho: Neere.
1. Br: Neere, O where, haſt thou any tidings?
Eccho: Tidings.
2. Br: Which way is *Delya* then, or that, or (this?
Eccho: This.
1. Br: And may we ſafely come where *Delia* (is
Eccho: Yes.
2. Bro: Brother remember you the white
Beare of Englands wood:
Start not a ſide for euery danger,
Be not afeard of euery ſtranger;
Things that ſeeme, are not the ſame. (enter.
1. Br: Brother, why do we not thē coragiouſly
2. Br: Then brother draw thy ſword & follow (me.
Enter the Coniurer; it lightens & thunders, the 2. Brother falles downe.
1. Br: What brother dooſt thou fall?
Sacr: I, and thou to *Calypha*.
Fall 1. Brother. Enter two furies.
Adeſtes Dæmones: away with them,

Go

Go cary them ſtraight to *Sacrapantos* cell,
There in deſpaire and torture for to dwell;
Theſe are *Thenores* ſonnes of *Theſſaly*,
That come to ſeeke *Delya* their ſiſter forth:
But with a potion, I to her haue giuen,
My arts hath made her to forget her ſelfe.
He remooues a turfe, and ſhewes a light in a glaſſe.
See heere the thing which doth prolong my life
With this inchantment I do any thing.
And till this fade, my skill ſhall ſtill endure,
And neuer none ſhall breake this little glaſſe,
But ſhe that's neither wife, widow, nor maide.
Then cheere thy ſelfe, this is thy deſtinie,
Neuer to die, but by a dead mans hand. *Exeunt.*

Enter Eumenides *the wandring Knight, and the old man at the croſſe.*

Eum: Tell me. Time, tell me iuſt Time,
When ſhall I *Delia* ſee?
When ſhall I ſee the loadſtar of my life? (ſight?
When ſhall my wandring courſe end with her
Or I but view my hope, my hearts delight.
Father God ſpeede, if you tell fortunes, I pray
good father tell me mine.

Old man: Sonne I do ſee in thy face,
Thy bleſſed fortune worke apace;
I do perceiue that thou haſt wit,
Beg of thy fate to gouerne it,
For wiſdome gouern'd by aduiſe,
Makes many fortunate and wiſe.

Beſtowe

Beſtowe thy almes, giue more than all,
Till dead mens bones come at thy call:
Farewell my ſonne, dreame of no reſt,
Til thou repent that thou didſt beſt. *Exit Old m.*

Eum. This man hath left me in a Laborinth,
He biddeth me giue more than all,
Till dead mens bones come at thy call:
He biddeth me dreame of no reſt,
Till I repent that I do beſt.

Enter Wiggen, Corobus, Churchwarden *and* Sexten.

VViggen: You may be aſhamed, you whorſon ſcald Sexton and Churchwarden, if you had any ſhame in thoſe ſhameleſſe faces of yours, to let a poore man lie ſo long aboue ground vnburied. A rot on you all, that haue no more compaſsion of a good fellow when he is gone.

Simon: What would you haue vs to burie him, and to aunſwere it our ſelues to the parriſhe?

Sexton: Pariſh me no pariſhes, pay me my fees, and let the reſt runne on in the quarters accounts, and put it downe for one of your good deedes a Gods name, for I am not one that curiouſly ſtands vpon merits.

Corobus: You whoreſon ſodden headed ſheepes-face, ſhall a good fellow do leſſe ſeruice and more honeſtie to the pariſh, & will you not when he is dead let him haue Chriſtmas buriall.

VViggen:

VViggen: Peace *Corebus*, aſſure as *Iack* was *Iack*, the frollickſt frannion amongſt you, and I *VViggen* his ſweete ſworne brother, *Iack* ſhall haue his funerals, or ſome of them ſhall lie on Gods deare earth for it, thats once.

Churchwa: *VViggen* I hope thou wilt do no more then thou darſt aunſwer.

VVig: Sir, ſir, dare or dare not, more or leſſe, aunſwer or not aunſwer, do this, or haue this.

Sex: Helpe, helpe, helpe, *VViggen* ſets vpon the pariſh with a Pike ſtaffe.

Eumenides *awakes and comes to them.*

Eum: Hould thy hands good fellow.

Core: Can you blame him ſir, if he take *Iacks* part againſt this ſhake rotten pariſh that will not burie *Iack*.

Eum: Why what was that *Iack*?

Coreb: Who *Iack* ſir, who our *Iack* ſir? as good a fellow as euer troade vppon Neats leather.

VViggen: Looke you ſir, he gaue foure ſcore and nineteene mourning gownes to the pariſh when he died, and becauſe he would not make them vp a full hundred, they would not bury him; was not this good dealing?

Churchwar: Oh Lord ſir how he lies, he was not worth a halfepenny, and drunke out euery penny: and nowe his fellowes, his drunken companions, would haue vs to burie him at the

charge of the pariſh, and we make many ſuch matches, we may pull downe the ſteeple, ſell the Belles, and thatche the chauncell: he ſhall lie aboue ground till he daunce a galliard about the churchyard for *Steeuen Loache.*

VViggen: Sic argumentaris domine Loache; and we make many ſuch matches, we may pull downe the ſteeple, ſell the Belles, and thatche the chauncell: in good time ſir, and hang your ſelues in the Bell ropes when you haue done, *Domine oponens præpono tibi hanc queſtionem*, whether will you haue the ground broken, or your pates broken: firſt, for one of them ſhall be done preſently, and to begin mine, ile ſeale it vpon your cockeſcome.

Eum: Hould thy hands, I pray thee good fellow be not too haſtie.

Coreb: You Capons face, we ſhall haue you turnd out of the pariſh one of theſe dayes, with neuer a tatter to your arſe, then you are in worſe taking then *Iack.*

Eumen. Faith and he is bad enough: this fellow does but the part of a friend, to ſeeke to burie his friend; how much will burie him?

VViggen: Faith, about some fifteene or ſixteene ſhillings will beſtow him honeſtly.

Sexton: I euen there abouts ſir.

Eumen: Heere hould it then, and I haue left me but one poore three halfe pence; now do I remem-

remember the wordes the old man ſpake at the croſſe; beſtowe all thou haſt, and this is all, till dead mens bones comes at thy call, heare holde it, and ſo farewell.

VVig: God, and all good, bee with you ſir; naie you cormorants, ile beſtowe one peale of *Iack* at mine owne proper coſts and charges.

Coreb: You may thanke God the long ſtaffe and the bilbowe blade, croſt not your cockeſ- 630
combe; well weele to the church ſtile, and haue a pot, and ſo tryll lyll.

Both: Come lets go. *Exeunt.*

Fant: But harke you gammer, me thinkes this *Iack* bore a great ſway in the pariſh.

Old woman: O this *Iack* was a maruelous fellow, he was but a poore man, but very well beloued: you ſhall ſee anon what this *Iack* will come to.

Enter the haruest men ſinging, with wo- 640
men in their hands.

Frol: Soft, who haue wee heere? our amorous harueſt ſtarres.

Fant: I, I, let vs ſit ſtill and let them alone.

Heere they begin to ſing, the
ſong doubled.

Loe heere we come a reaping, a reaping,
To reape our haruest fruite,
And thus we paſſe the yeare ſo long,
And neuer be we mute. *Exit* the harueſt mẽ. 650

Enter Huanebango, *and* Corebus *the clowne.*

Frol: Soft, who haue we here?

Old w: O this is a cholerick gentleman, all you that loue your liues, keepe out of the ſmell of his two hand ſworde: nowe goes he to the coniurer.

Fant: Me thinkes the Coniurer ſhould put the foole into a Iugling boxe.

Huan: Fee, fa, fum, here is the Engliſhman,
Conquer him that can, came for his lady bright,
To prooue himſelfe a knight,
And win her loue in fight.

Cor: Who hawe maiſter *Bango* are you here? heare you, you had beſt ſit downe heere, and beg an almes with me.

Huan: Hence baſe cullion, heere is he that commaundeth ingreſſe and egreſſe with his weapon, and will enter at his voluntary whoſoeuer ſaith no.

A voice and flame of fire: Huanebango *falleth downe.*

Voice: No.

Old w: So with that they kiſt, and ſpoiled the edge of as good a two hand ſword, as euer God put life in; now goes *Corebus* in, ſpight of the coniurer.

Enter the Coniurer, & ſtrike Corebus *blinde.*

Sacr: Away with him into the open fields,
To be a rauening pray to Crowes and Kites:

And

And for this villain let him wander vp & downe
In nought but darkenes and eternall night.
Cor: Heer haſt thou ſlain *Huā* a ſlaſhing knight
And robbed poore *Corebus* of his ſight. *Exit.*
Sacr: Hence villaine hence.
Now I haue vnto *Delya* giuen a potion of forgetfulnes,
That when ſhee comes ſhee ſhall not know hir Brothers:
Lo where they labour like to Country ſlaues,
With ſpade and mattocke on this inchaunted ground.
Now will I call hir by another name,
For neuer ſhall ſhe know hir ſelfe againe,
Vntill that *Sacrapant* hath breathd his laſt.
See where ſhe comes. *Enter Delya.*
Come hither *Delya* take this gode,
Here hard at hand two ſlaues do worke and dig for gold,
Gore them with this & thou ſhalt haue inough.
He giues hir a gode.
Del: Good ſir I know not what you meane.
Sacra: She hath forgotten to be *Delya*,
But not forgot the ſame ſhe ſhould forget:
But I will change hir name.
Faire *Berecynthia* ſo this Country calls you,
Goe ply theſe ſtrangers wench they dig for gold
Exit Sacrapant.
Delya: O heauens! how am I beholding to

this faire yong man.
But I muſt ply theſe ſtrangers to their worke.
See where they come.

Enter the two Brothers in their ſhirts with ſpades digging.

1. Brother: O Brother ſee where *Delya* is.

2. Brother: O *Delya* happy are we to ſee thee here.

Delya: What tell you mee of *Delya* prating ſwaines?

I know no *Delya* nor know I what you meane,
Ply you your work or elſe you are like to ſmart.

1. Brother: Why *Delya* knowſt thou not thy Brothers here?

We come from *Theſſalie* to ſeeke thee forth,
And thou deceiueſt thy ſelfe for thou art *Delya.*

Delya: Yet more of *Delya*, then take this and ſmart:

What faine you ſhifts for to defer your labor?
Worke villaines worke, it is for gold you digg.

2. Br: Peace brother peace, this vild inchanter
Hath rauiſht *Delya* of hir ſences cleane,
And ſhe forgets that ſhe is *Delya.*

1. Br: Leaue cruell thou to hurt the miſerable;
Digg brother digg, for ſhe is hard as ſteele.

Here they dig & deſcry the light vnder a litle hill.

2. Br: Stay brother what haſt thou deſcride?

Del: Away & touch it not, it is ſome thing, that my Lord hath hidden there. *ſhe couers it agen.*

Enter

Enter Sacrapant.

Sacr: Well ſed, thou plyeſt theſe Pyoners well, goe get you in you labouring ſlaues.
Come *Berecynthia*, let vs in likewiſe,
And heare the Nightingale record hir notes.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Zantyppa *the curſt Daughter to the well, with a pot in hir hand.*

Zant: Now for a husband, houſe and home, God ſend a good one or none I pray God: My father hath ſent me to the well for the water of life, and tells mee if I giue faire wordes I ſhall haue a husband.

Enter the fowle wench to the well for water with a pot in hir hand.

But heere comes *Celanta* my ſweete ſiſter, Ile ſtand by and heare what ſhe ſaies.

Celant: My father hath ſent mee to the well for water, and he tells me if I ſpeake faire, I ſhall haue a husband and none of the worſt: Well though I am blacke I am ſure all the world will not forſake mee, and as the olde prouerbe is though I am blacke, I am not the diuell.

Zant: Marrie gup with a murren, I knowe wherefore thou ſpeakeſt that, but goe thy waies home as wiſe as thou camſt, or Ile ſet thee home with a wanion.

Here

Here ſhe ſtrikes hir Pitcher againſt hir ſisters, and breakes them both and goes hir way.

Clant: I thinke this be the curſteſt queane in the world, you ſee what ſhe is, a little faire, but as prowd as the diuell, and the verieſt vixen that liues vpon Gods earth. Well Ile let hir alone, and goe home and get another Pitcher, and for all this get me to the well for water. *Exit.*

Enter two Furies out of the Coniurers Cell and laies Huanebango *by the well of life.*

Enter Zantippa *with a Pitcher to the VVell.*

Zant: Once againe for a husband, & in faith *Celanta* I haue got the ſtart of you; Belike huſbands growe by the Well ſide; now my father ſayes I muſt rule my tongue: why alas what am I then? a woman without a tongue, is as a ſouldier without his weapon; but ile haue my water and be gon.

Heere ſhe offers to dip her Pitcher in, and a head ſpeakes in the VVell.

Head: Gently dip, but not too deepe,
For feare you make the golden birde to weepe,
Faire maiden white and red,
Stroke me ſmoothe, and combe my head,
And thou ſhalt haue ſome cockell bread.

Zant: What is this, faire maiden white & red,
Combe me ſmooth, and ſtroke my head:
And thou ſhalt haue ſome cockell bread.

Cockell

Cockell calleſt thou it boy, faith ile giue you cockell bread.

Shee breakes hir Pitcher vppon his heade, then it thunders and lightens, and Huanebango *riſes vp:* Huanebango *is deafe and cannot heare.*

Huan: Phylyda phylerydos, Pamphylyda (floryda flortos,
Dub dub a dub, bounce quoth the guns, with a (ſulpherous huffe ſnuffe:
Wakte with a wench, pretty peat, pretty loue, (and my ſweet prettie pigsnie;
Iuſt by thy ſide ſhall ſit ſurnamed great *Huane-* (*bango*
Safe in my armes will I keepe thee, threat *Mars* (or thunder *Olympus.*

Zant: Foe, what greaſie groome haue wee here? Hee looks as though hee crept out of the backeſide of the well; and ſpeakes like a Drum periſht at the Weſt end.

Huan: O that I might but I may not, woe to (my deſtenie therefore;
Kiſſe that I claſpe but I cannot, tell mee my de- (ſtenie wherefore?

Zant: Whoope nowe I haue my dreame, did you neuer heare ſo great a wonder as this? Three blue beanes in a blue bladder, rattle bladder rattle.

Huan: Ile nowe ſet my countenance and to hir in proſe, it may be this rim ram ruffe, is too rude an incounter.

Let me faire Ladie if you be at leiſure, reuell with your ſweetnes, and raile vppon that cowardly Coniurer, that hath caſt me or congealed mee rather into an vnkinde ſleepe and polluted my Carcaſſe.

Zantyppa: Laugh, laugh *Zantyppa*, thou haſt thy fortune, a foole and a husbande vnder one.

Huan: Truely ſweete heart as I ſeeme, about ſome twenty years, the very Aprill of mine age.

Zantyppa: Why what a prating Aſſe is this?

Huanebango: Hir Corall lippes, hir crimſon chinne,
Hir ſiluer teeth ſo white within:
Hir golden locks hir rowling eye,
Hir pretty parts let them goe by:
Hey ho hath wounded me,
That I muſt die this day to ſee.

Za: By gogs bones thou art a flouting knaue,- Hir Corall lippes, hir crimſon chinne: ka wilſhaw.

Huan: True my owne and my owne be cauſe mine, & mine becauſe mine ha ha: Aboue a thouſand pounds in poſſibilitie, and things fitting

ting thy deſire in poſſeſſion.

Zan: The Sott thinkes I aske of his landes, Lobb be your comfort, and Cuckold bee your deſtenie: Heare you ſir; and if you will haue vs, you had beſt ſay ſo betime.

Huan: True ſweete heart and will royallize thy progeny with my petigree. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Eumenides the wandring Knight.

Eu: Wretched *Eumenides*, ſtill vnfortunate,
Enuied by fortune, and forlorne by Fate;
Here pine and die wretched *Eumenides.*
Die in the ſpring, the Aprill of my age?
Here ſit thee down, repent what thou haſt don
I would to God that it were nere begon.

Enter Iacke.

Iacke: You are well ouertaken ſir.

Eum: Who's that?

Iacke: You are heartily well met ſir.

Eum: Forbeare I ſay, who is that which pincheth mee?

Iacke: Truſting in God good Maſter *Eumenides*, that you are in ſo good health as all your friendes were at the making hereof: God giue you God morrowe ſir, lacke you not a neate handſome and cleanly yong Lad, about the age of fifteene or ſixteene yeares, that can runne

by your horſe, and for a neede make your Maſterſhippes ſhooes as blacke as incke, howe ſay you ſir.

Eum: Alaſſe pretty Lad, I know not how to keepe my ſelfe, and much leſſe a ſeruant, my pretty boy, my ſtate is ſo bad.

Iacke: Content your ſelfe, you ſhall not bee ſo ill a Maſter but ile bee as bad a ſeruant: Tut ſir I know you though you know not me; Are not you the man ſir, denie it if you can ſir, that came from a ſtrange place in the land of Catita, where Iacke a napes flies with his taile in his mouth, to ſeeke out a Ladie as white as ſnowe, and as redd as blood; ha, ha, haue I toucht you now.

Eum: I thinke this boy be a ſpirit,
How knowſt thou all this?

Iacke: Tut are not you the man ſir, denie it if you can ſir, that gaue all the money you had to the burying of a poore man, and but one three-halfe-pence left in your purſſe: Content you ſir, Ile ſerue you that is flat.

Eum: Well my Lad ſince thou art ſo impornate, I am content to entertaine thee, not as a ſeruant; but a copartner in my iourney. But whither ſhall we goe for I haue not any money more than one bare three-halfe-pence.

Iacke: Well Maſter content your ſelfe, for if my diuination bee not out, that ſhall bee ſpent

ſpent at the next Inne or alehouſe we come too: for maiſter I knowe you are paſſing hungrie; therefore ile go before and prouide dinner vntill that you come, no doubt but youle come faire and ſoftly after.

Eum: I, go before, ilę follow thee.

Iack: But doo you heare maiſter, doo you know my name?

Eum: No I promiſe thee not yet.

Iack: Why I am *Iack.* *Exeunt* Iack.

Eum: *Iack*, why be it ſo then.

Enter the Hoſtes and Iack, *ſetting meate on the table, and Fidlers came to play,* Eumenides *walketh vp and downe, and will eate no meate.*

Hoſt: How ſay you ſir, doo you pleaſe to ſit downe?

Eum: Hoſtes I thanke you, I haue no great ſtomack.

Hoſt: Pray ſir, what is the reaſon your maiſter is ſo ſtrange, doth not this meate pleaſe him.

Iack: Yes Hoſtes, but it is my maiſters faſhion to pay before hee eates, therefore a reckoning good hoſteſſe.

Hoſt: Marry ſhall you ſir preſently. *Exit.*

Eum: Why *Iack* what dooſt thou meane, thou knoweſt I haue not any money: therefore ſweete *Iack* tell me what ſhall I doo.

Iack: Well maiſter looke in your purſſe.

Eum: Why faith it is a follie, for I haue no money.

Iack: Why looke you maiſter, doo ſo much (for me.

Eum: Alas *Iack* my purſſe is full of money.

Iack: Alas, maiſter, does that worde belong to this accident? why me thinkes I ſhould haue ſeene you caſt away your cloake, and in a brauado daunced a galliard round about the chamber; why maiſter, your man can teach you more wit than this, come hoſtis, cheere vp my maiſter.

Hoſtis: You are heartily welcome: and if it pleaſe you to eate of a fat Capon, a fairer birde, a finer birde, a ſweeter birde, a criſper birde, a neater birde, your worſhip neuer eate off.

Eum: Thankes my fine eloquent hoſteſſe.

Iack: But heare you maiſter, one worde by the way, are you content I ſhall be halfes in all you get in your iourney?

Eum: I am Iack, here is my hand.

Iack: Enough maiſter, I aske no more.

Eum: Come Hoſteſſe receiue your money, and I thanke you for my good entertainment.

Hoſt: You are heartily welcome ſir.

Eum: Come *Iack* whether go we now?

Iack: Mary maiſter to the coniurers preſently.

Eu: Content *Iack*: Hoſtis farewell. *Exe. om.*

Enter Corebus *and* Zelanto *the foule wench, to the well for water.*

Coreb: Come my ducke come: I haue now got

got a wife, thou art faire, art thou not?

Zelan: My *Corebus* the faireſt aliue, make no doubt of that.

Cor: Come wench, are we almoſt at the wel.

Zela. I *Corebus* we are almoſt at the Well now, ile go fetch ſome water: ſit downe while I dip my pitcher in.

Voyce: Gently dip: but not too deepe; 970
For feare you make the gouldē beard to weepe.

A head comes vp with eares of Corne, and ſhe combes them in her lap.

Faire maiden white and red,
Combe me ſmoothe, and ſtroke my head:
And thou ſhalt haue ſome cockell bread.
Gently dippe, but not too deepe,
For feare thou make the gouldē beard to weep.
Faire maide, white, and redde,
Combe me ſmooth, and ſtroke my head; 980
And euery haire, a ſheaue ſhall be,
And euery ſheaue a goulden tree.

A head comes vp full of golde, ſhe combes it into her lap.

Zelan: Oh ſee *Corebus* I haue combd a great deale of golde into my lap, and a great deale of corne.

Coreb. Well ſaid wench, now we ſhall haue iuſt enough, God ſend vs coiners to coine our golde: but come ſhall we go home ſweet heart? 990

Zelan: Nay come *Corebus* I will lead you.

Coreb.

Coreb: So *Corebus* things haue well hit,
Thou haſt gotten wealth to mend thy wit. *Exit.*

Enter Iack *and the wandring knight.*

Iack: Come away maiſter come,

Eum: Go along *Iack*, ile follow thee,
Iack, they ſay it is good to go croſſe legged, and ſay his prayers backward: how ſaieſt thou?

Iack: Tut neuer feare maiſter, let me alone, heere ſit you ſtill, ſpeake not a word. And becauſe you ſhall not be intiſed with his inchanting ſpeeches; with this ſame wooll ile ſtop your eares: and ſo maiſter ſit ſtill, for I muſt to the Coniurer. *Exit* Iack.

Enter the Coniurer to the wandring knight.

Sa: How now, what man art thou that ſits ſo ſad
Why doſt thou gaze vpon theſe ſtately trees,
Without the leaue and will of *Sacrapant*?
What not a word but mum,
Then *Sacrapant* thou art betraide.

Enter Iack *inuiſible, and taketh off* Sacrapants *wreath from his head, and his ſword out of his hand.*

Sac: What hand inuades the head of *Sacrapāt*?
What hatefull fury doth enuy my happy ſtate?
Then *Sacrapant* theſe are thy lateſt dayes,
Alas my vaines are numd, my ſinews ſhrinke,
My bloud is pearſt, my breath fleeting away,
And now my timeleſſe date is come to end:
He in whoſe life his actions hath beene ſo foule,

Now

Now in his death to hell defends his ſoule.

He dyeth.

Iack: Oh Sir are you gon: now I hope we ſhall haue ſome other coile. Now maiſter how like you this; the Coniurer hee is dead, and vowes neuer to trouble vs more. Now get you to your faire Lady, and ſee what you can doo with her: Alas he heareth me not all this while; but I will helpe that.

He pulles the VVooll out of his eares.

Eum: How now *Iack*, what news?

Iack: Heere maiſter, take this ſword and dig with it, at the foote of this hill.

He digs and ſpies a light.

Eum: How now *Iack*, what is this?

Iack: Maiſter, without this the Coniurer could do nothing, and ſo long as this light laſts, ſo long doth his arte indure, and this being out, then doth his arte decay.

Eum: Why then *Iack* I will ſoone put out this light.

Iack: I maiſter, how?

Eum: Why with a ſtone ile breake the glaſſe, and then blowe it out.

Iack: No maiſter you may as ſoone breake the Smiths Anfill, as this little vyoll; nor the biggeſt blaſt that euer *Boreas* blew, cannot blowe out this little light; but ſhe that is neither maide,

wife, nor widowe. Maiſter, winde this horne; and ſee what will happen.

He windes the horne.

Heere enters Venelia *and breakes the glaſſe, and blowes out the light, and goeth in againe.*

Iack: So maiſter, how like you this; this is ſhe that ranne madding in the woods, his betrothed loue that keepes the croſſe, and nowe this light being out, all are reſtored to their former libertie. And now maiſter to the Lady that you haue ſo long looked for.

He draweth a curten, and there Delia *ſitteth a ſleepe.*

Eum: God ſpeed faire maide ſitting alone: there is once.
God ſpeed faire maide; there is twiſe:
God ſpeed faire maide, that is thriſe.

Delia: Not ſo good ſir, for you are by.

Iack: Enough maiſter, ſhe hath ſpoke, now I will leaue her with you.

Eum: Thou faireſt flower of theſe weſterne
Whoſe beautie ſo reflecteth in my ſight, (parts:
As doth a Chriſtall mirror in the ſonne:
For thy ſweet ſake I haue croſt the froſen *Rhine*,
Leauing faire *Po*, I ſaild vp *Danuby*,
As farre as *Saba* whoſe inhanſing ſtreames,
Cuts twixt the *Tartars* and the *Ruſsians*,

Theſe

Theſe haue I croſt for thee faire *Delia*:
Then grant me that which I haue ſude for long.
Del: Thou gentle knight, whoſe fortune is ſo good:
To finde me out, and ſet my brothers free,
My faith, my heart, my hand, I giue to thee.
Eum: Thankes gentle Madame: but heere comes Iack, thanke him, for he is the beſt friend that we haue.

Enter Iack *with a head in his hand.*

Eum: How now Iack, what haſt thou there?
Iack: Mary maiſter, the head of the coniurer.
Eum: Why Iack that is impoſſible, he was a young man.
Iack: Ah maiſter, ſo he deceiued them that beheld him: but hee was a miſerable, old, and crooked man; though to each mans eye h med young and freſh, for maiſter; this Coniurer tooke the ſhape of the olde man that kept the croſſe: and that olde man was in the likeneſſe of the Coniurer. But nowe maiſter winde your horne. *He windes his horne.*

Enter Venelia, *the two brothers, and he that was at the croſſe.*
Eu: Welcome *Ereſtus*, welcome faire *Venelia*,

Welcome *Thelea*, and *Kalepha* both,
Now haue I her that I ſo long haue ſought,
So ſaith faire *Delia*, if we haue your conſent.

1. Bro: Valiant *Eumenides* thou well deſerueſt
To haue our fauours: ſo let vs reioyce,
That by thy meanes we are at libertie.
Heere may we ioy each in others ſight,
And this faire Lady haue her wandring knight.

Iack: So maiſter, nowe yee thinke you haue done: but I muſt haue a ſaying to you; you know you and I were partners, I to haue halfe in all you got.

Eum: Why ſo thou ſhalt *Iack.*

Iack: Why then maiſter draw your ſworde, part your Lady, let mee haue halfe of her preſently.

Eumenid: Why I hope *Iack* thou dooſt but ieſt, I promiſt thee halfe I got, but not halfe my Lady.

Iack: But what elſe maiſter, haue you not gotten her, therefore deuide her ſtraight, for I will haue halfe there is no remedie.

Eumen: Well ere I will falſifie my worde vnto my friend, take her all, heere *Iack* ile giue her thee.

Iacke: Nay neither more nor leſſe Maiſter, but euen iuſt halfe.

Eum: Before I will falſifie my faith vnto my friend,

friend, I will diuide hir, *Iacke* thou ſhalt haue halfe.

1. Brother: Bee not ſo cruell vnto our ſiſter gentle Knight.

2. Brother: O ſpare faire *Delia* ſhee deſerues no death.

Eum: Content your ſelues, my word is paſt to him, therefore prepare thy ſelfe *Delya* for thou muſt die.

Delya: Then farewell worlde, adew *Eumenides.*

He offers to ſtrike and Iacke *ſtaies him.*

Iacke: Stay Maſter, it is ſufficient I haue tride your conſtancie: Do you now remember ſince you paid for the burying of a poore fellow.

Eum: I very well Iacke.

Iacke: Then Maſter thanke that good deed, for this good turne, and ſo God be with you all.

Iacke *leapes downe in the ground.*

Eum: Iacke what art thou gone?
Then farewell Iacke.
Come brothers and my beauteous *Delya*,
Erestus and thy deare *Venelia*:
We will to *Theſſalie* with ioyfull hearts.

All: Agreed, we follow thee and *Delya.*

Exeunt omnes.

Fant: What Gammer, a ſleepe?

Old wom: By the Mas ſonne tis almoſt day, and my windowes ſhuts at the Cocks crow.

Frol: Doo you heare Gammer, mee thinkes this Iacke bore a great ſway amongſt them.

Old wom: O man, this was the ghoſt of the poore man, that they kept ſuch a coyle to burie, & that makes him to help the wandring knight ſo much: But come let vs in, we will haue a cup of ale and a toſt this morning and ſo depart.

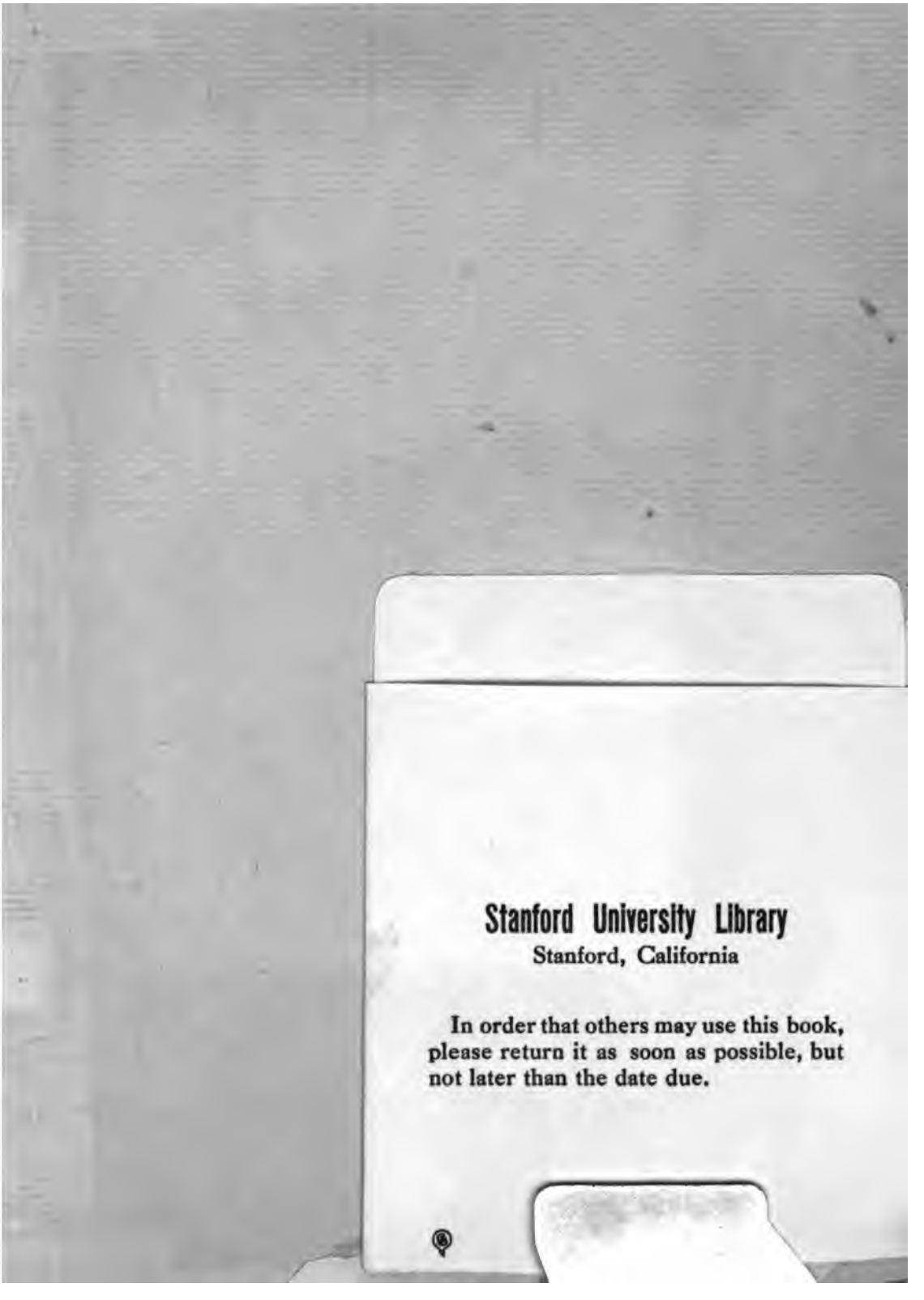
Fant: Then you haue made an end of your tale Gammer?

Old wom: Yes faith: When this was done I tooke a peece of bread and cheeſe, and came my way, and ſo ſhall you haue too before you goe, to your breakefaſt.

FINIS.

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